

months later. The four years of fratricidal strife were over. Lee had surrendered, peace was dawning upon this distracted country, when our beloved President met death at the hands of an assassin. In obedience to proclamation of the incoming President as well as our war governor, Andrew G. Curtin, we gathered at this church and listened to a sermon appropriate to the occasion. I remember how neighbor met neighbor, how the trembling hands were clasped, when the lips faltered, the tear started, the vocal chords were paralysed, and the tongue refused to speak. Slowly and sadly we bent our heads as we entered this church and took our accustomed places. The only expression that good Rev. B. B. Bunting, the then pastor of this church said, that comes to my memory at this time was the text "The remainder of that wrath will I restrain." I have since listened to thousands of sermons delivered by men far more educated, men of more abundant research, far superior ability and yet no sermon so impressed me as the kindly words that fell from this deeply religious man. As the hearers wended their several ways homeward all were convinced that God reigns and the government at Washington still lives.

There is one more subject to which I wish to call your attention, relating to the past, to the present, and the future. You are triply blessed in the fact that there reposes in your churchyard, "God's Acre," three soldiers of the Revolution. Two have passed on before my birth. One however is associated with my earliest recollections. I have sat with him at the table, listened to his reading the scripture, and knelt with him at the family altar. At this time he was approaching the end of his long life, one hundred and five years, ten months and thirteen days. As I now recall Michael Grinnell I consider that when he placed his hand upon my head and said, "God bless you, my boy," was the proudest moment of my life. Whenever I enter your cemetery I go at once to where he lies sleeping, and with uncovered head breathe a prayer of thankfulness for the memory of this life, his excellent qualities as a soldier, a man, and a Christian gentleman. I urge you, each one to keep the graves of these soldiers green for all time. Green in the memory of their patriotism, their devotion to freedom of the thirteen colonies and their efforts through which a nation was born free and independent. As your children and your children's children come to years of understanding, deeply impress upon them the history of their lives, that the life of this nation may be insured, as well as the lives of these soldiers revered and forever honored.